

THE GREAT NORTHWEST

Topics of General Interest in the New States and Elsewhere.

STOLE AN ITALIAN'S ALL

Shooting at Livingston—Youthful Burglars at Spokane—An Old Timer Dies in His Cabin.

Nixon S. Horton, an old timer, died very suddenly at his cabin in Dry Gulch Monday afternoon, says the *Helena Journal*. He was 72 years old and came to Montana in 1862. He had been quartz mining in Dry Gulch for the past five or six years, and only a day or so ago he bonded several of his mines or prospects. Mr. Horton was an old man, although he must have taken good care of himself, as he looked much younger than he was. Although his death was sudden, there were several friends present at the time and the remains were brought to Helena and are now in charge of Undertaker Sennett. The cause of Mr. Horton's sudden death is not known.

A week ago the body of a cowboy, James McKee, was found hanging to a tree near a ranch on the Laramie river, says a *Cheyenne*, Wyoming, dispatch. The coroner was wired that it was a clear case of suicide and concluded that an inquest was unnecessary. The story was brought in and it is found the supposed self-destruction of a dast range hand develops into a romantic tale. McKee was attached to an outfit on the Nebraska border. He fell violently in love with a girl of 13, traveling overland to Oregon with her sister and brother-in-law. The child did not care for him, but he pressed his suit and followed the movers. Time after time he was rejected by the thoughtless miss, but he was only the more enamored of her pretty face. Thursday afternoon the girl's male protector told McKee the thing had gone far enough and ordered him to break away. The rancher departed in sore distress. Next morning the blackbirds eyed askance the tree's strange fruit and saucily chattered at the lifeless frame. McKee left a typical note to the girl. The internment was made in a brutal manner. Not even the noose was taken from his neck. His hat and boots went into the grave with him. The sister of the juvenile heart-breaker told him that she herself was the cause of a man's suicide before her marriage.

Harry Tull, Joe Moran, Brady and Jenkins, four youths, none of whom is over 17 years, languish behind prison bars at Spokane Falls, charged with a series of burglaries carried on during the past month. Five hundred dollars worth of stolen property was also found. For the past month the firms of Goldsmith & Co. and the Big Boston store have frequently missed various articles of clothing, etc. The thieves never left any trace, and the mode of gaining entrance to the stores was a mystery. The goods, however, continued to disappear with regularity, and finally Police Officer Volk was detailed to investigate the matter, with the result above stated. Goods, consisting of clothing, silks, jewelry, etc., to the value of about \$500 were unearthed in a house in the Japanese quarter, kept by A. Kona and O. Tona, two Japs. The means by which the youthful burglars had gained entrance to the stores was by tunnelling through cellar walls in the basement. The boys arrested are of respectable parents residing in Spokane, one of them being a son of ex-Alderman F. M. Tull.

Fire broke out in Spokane in a three-story and basement brick building immediately adjoining the Hotel Spokane at noon Monday, and for a time it looked as if a disastrous conflagration would ensue. The fire originated in the basement occupied by the Spokane Commission company and was caused by the carelessness of an employee leaving a candle burning while absent at dinner. Owing to the location of the fire it required an hour's stubborn fight by the whole department before the flames were subdued. Several firemen were nearly suffocated by the dense smoke in the basement. The first floor of the block was occupied by the hotel and billiard room and the second and third by the Spokane club. Here most of the damage was caused by water and smoke, the elegant furnishings of the Spokane club being almost completely ruined. A heavy brick fire wall separated the hotel from the Lamona block, but for which the fire would certainly have communicated with the immense building. The total loss is placed at \$20,000, divided as follows: Spokane Commission, loss \$5,000; insurance, \$8,000; Hotel Spokane, loss on bar and fixtures, \$3,000; insurance, \$8,000; Spokane club, loss on furniture and fixtures, \$2,500; fully insured; loss on building, owned by J. H. Lamona, \$8,000; insurance, \$2,000.

The following story of a shooting affray which occurred at Lewiston, Mont., appeared in the *Pergus County Argus* Friday: About 6 o'clock last evening our citizens were startled by the rapid firing of a revolver, and in a brief period a large crowd had gathered in front of Blaker Bros.' saloon, where the shooting took place. The principals to the desperate encounter were W. W. Bennett and Wade Blaker. The shooting was the result of a grudge or difficulty growing out of a gambling difficulty and was of some months standing. From Under Sheriff Shaules, was one of the victims of the shooting, we get the following version of the affair: "I was coming down the street about 6 o'clock, and when within a rod or two of Blaker Bros.' saloon I saw Wade Blaker strike W. W. Bennett with a piece of board, when both men drew their revolvers and commenced firing. I rushed up and grabbed Blaker and endeavored to stop the shooting, when a bullet from Bennett's revolver struck me in the arm, rendering it useless. Bennett retreated to his home, where he was arrested soon afterward and lodged in jail." The first shot from Bennett's revolver struck Blaker, entering the right breast about two inches to the right of the median line and three inches above the nipple, coming out through the right shoulder blade. After Blaker received his wound he was heard to exclaim to his brother Julian, who was present: "He has done me; take my revolver and shoot the son of a b—." But Julian was prevented from shooting. It is thought five shots were fired—three by Bennett and two by Blaker. One of the shots from Bennett's revolver went through Wade Blaker, as

stated above, and was buried in the window casing behind him; another struck Mr. Shaules in the right arm and was removed by the doctors; the third passed through the window of the saloon. There are different versions as to the difficulty. Some claim that Blaker was standing in front of his saloon when Bennett came along, stepped off the sidewalk, drew his revolver and commenced firing without any words or provocation, but the story told by Under Sheriff Shaules is given credence. Mr. Shaules was shot through the right forearm and the bullet was cut out of the flesh just under the elbow. The bullet shattered the small bones of the forearm. He is doing as well as could be expected.

A Tacoma dispatch says: On September 26 Superintendent N. C. Harlan of the Tacoma postoffice closed his duties as a member of Postmaster Hogue's staff. He was discharged. The only complaint that the postmaster had against him was general incompetency. Now Harlan is charged with something more tangible than incompetency. It appears that September 4 an Italian, named in English Frank Augustin, came to the postoffice and wanted to leave his little pile on deposit. The pile amounted to \$450. The Italian was going into the woods to seek work, and he wanted his savings taken care of. In Italy and some other European cities the postoffices, it is said, conduct a sort of banking or deposit system in connection with the business. Of course the local postoffice had no power or desire to do business of this sort with the Italian. Superintendent Harlan, however, took the money and gave his personal receipt for it. Except as some of the employees knew Harlan had taken the money for safe-keeping, the postoffice people had no cognizance of the transaction. September 20 Harlan deposited the money with the Merchants' National bank, receiving a certificate of deposit. September 26 he drew the money and left the postoffice and town. That is the last that has been heard of him or the cash. Some of Harlan's acquaintances say that he has gone to Spokane Falls. Men at the postoffice say he told them that he was going to Silver City, New Mexico. The Italian, meanwhile, is in a state of despair. The money probably represented the careful hoardings and hard labor of several years.

WHY OIL CALMS THE SEA.

It Smooths Out the Ripples So the Wind Cannot Get a Grip.

The action of oil in calming the sea is now so generally recognized, says the *London Nautical Magazine*, that the new rules as to life-saving appliances, to go into effect November 1, require that every boat of sea-going vessels and all lifeboats shall carry "one gallon of oil and a vessel of approved pattern for distributing it on the water in rough weather." The potency of oil in smoothing waves was recently explained by Lord Rayleigh before the Royal Institution in a lucid lecture. This well-known scientist's experiments demonstrated that foam or froth is caused by impurities in liquids. Thus, on shaking up a bottle containing pure water we get no appreciable foam, but, taking a mixture of water with 5 per cent of alcohol, there is a much greater tendency to foam. Camphor, glue and gelatine dissolved in water greatly increase its foaming qualities, and soap still more. Lord Rayleigh finds that sea water foams, not because of its saline matter, but in consequence of the presence of something extracted by wave action from seaweeds. By simply putting his finger in water which was moving vigorously under the influence of a few camphor scrapings, the contamination of the water by the infinitesimal amount of camphor sufficed to form an invisible film over it, and to neutralize the foaming action produced by the dissolved camphor.

The effect of oil on waves, as several physicists have proved, is not to subdue the huge swell, but to smooth and tone down its ripples, each of which gives the wind a point d'appui, thus increasing the force of the breaking waves. "The film of oil," says Lord Rayleigh, "may be compared to an inextensible membrane floating on the surface of the water and hampering its motion." As long as the advancing, tumultuous sea water is pure there is nothing to oppose its periodic contractions and extensions, but when its surface is covered with the oily membrane the most dangerous contractions and extensions are impossible.

The scientific demonstration of the sea-quelling virtue of oil is worthy of note by all sailors. It is fortunate for them that time when ocean storms, and especially tropical hurricanes, are likely soon to tax the seaman's art to the utmost in saving his craft from destruction.

Gave the Drummer a Ride.

"Cab, cab, cab, cab," shouted the two score hack-drivers at the Union depot the other afternoon at the rate of 138 "cabs" a minute.

The Chicago express had just arrived, and among the passengers was a man seemingly a farmer, with two large grips in his hands.

He was evidently bewildered, and stopped a moment to learn whether the howling of the cabbies meant that there was a large fire in the vicinity, or that the city had closed up for the day.

Suddenly he was seized and hustled into a hansom, after which the driver asked him where he wished to go.

The rural gentleman didn't know exactly, but he thought the Murray was a pretty good place to stop. He said he'd heard a good deal about it.

A reporter overheard the conversation and presently saw the cab driven off after the bargain was made, the price to be paid being fixed at \$1.50.

It was fully twenty minutes before the cab appeared again, and then it came up Hurree street.

It stopped at a hotel, where, after both driver and rural gentleman had climbed down to the sidewalk, the following conversation took place:

"Rainy day?"

"Yes; how much do you want? That was a nice ride you gave me."

"Only \$1.50."

"Is that all; well, now, that's cheap."

Then there was a pause, which was broken by the cabby saying: "Come, old man, pay me the money."

By that time a hotel porter had taken the rural gentleman's grips into the office. The latter pulled out a well-filled pocket-book and remarked: "Haven't got anything but a \$50; just wait a minute and I'll get her busted."

Then he went into a hotel and after waiting a quarter of an hour the cabby went in also to see what had become of him.

He was nowhere to be found, so the cabby asked the clerk about the "hayseed" with the long whiskers and grips.

"Hayseed?" replied the clerk, "why, that's Mr. —, one of the best leather salesmen on the road. He knows more about this town than you or I ever will know. He travels out of Boston and comes here every month. Does he owe you anything?"

"No," and then the cabby went out into the wide, wide world, simply thinking,

BEYOND THE ATLANTIC

Gossipy Bits of News From London and Other Towns.

A ROMANCE IN HIGH LIFE

Victoria's Love of Children—Gladstone on the Woman Question—Singular Scene at a Review.

The following is a very pretty and romantic story, and probably true, to which much interest is added when the ages of the two personages are remembered; the duchess being about 56 and Lord Hartington two or three years her senior:

"Lord Hartington's marriage to the dowager duchess of Manchester is fixed to take place early next year, when her late husband, the duke, will have been dead about a year. When she married the duke of Manchester she did so in a 'fit' after a lover's quarrel with Lord Hartington. He was her 'first and only love.' She had mapped out a career for him, like many another proud and ambitious girl. But he was of an indolent turn. He hated activity and work. She admired both. Her ideal was Lord Hartington as a great statesman and man of public affairs. It is said his lordship felt listening to her long plans for his future greatness and say, 'Time enough to consider all that when marriage has made us dull.'"

"So one day his lordship was told that she would not marry him until he proved himself worthy of his ancestry and had reached her ideal of usefulness in the world. He became angry, and the lovers parted. He thought she would relent within 24 hours. She thought he would at once begin a career. Neither happened. She kept away and Lord Hartington sulked. Then the Duke of Manchester came along, and laid siege to her, and, with the aid of her family, won her consent to marry him. Lord Hartington was carefully invited to all her receptions. Society noticed that on these occasions they were always together, and, as usual, misjudged them."

A New York lady now in London has been stating the opinions of Mr. Gladstone on the woman question. She thinks some of his views are most discouraging. He has "the greatest admiration of the woman who has done something in any line provided she kept away from the public," but has yet to meet the heroine of a career who is not brazen or tiresome. "It is not her fault," he says, "but the result of contamination; no one can elbow the street crowd without losing some of the sweetness we prize in women." He thinks that the gain that comes from the outer world, from the shop, the rostrum and the public procession is more than overpowered by the loss of modesty, gentleness, faith and womanly dignity. When asked what a woman should do he said: "Marry, make homes, and mind their children, keep the honeymoon from eclipse and keep off the streets. Any reform they want to make should be made through the husband." When told that all women could not marry he said: "It is their own fault then. A sweet woman cannot be resisted," which means that too many of our girls are being educated and trained on a wrong basis.

While at Krasnodar, the scene of the military displays gotten up for the delight of the Emperor William during his recent visit to Russia he, with his royal hosts, the czar, zarina and all the court were present at what is called the zarza, or devotional exercises at sunset, and it was a most picturesque scene. At the moment the sun began to descend below the horizon of the vast plain a sudden hurra of drums began to make itself heard, followed immediately by the ascent of three rockets in succession. Then came the roar of a salute from the artillery; the massed bands played the hymn, "Glory to the God of Zion," and all heads were simultaneously uncovered. The drum major stood forward and recited in a loud, clear voice the Lord's prayer. The petition ended, the "retreat" was sounded, and so concluded a ceremony as uniquely impressive as could well take place in a camp. In a modified form these devotional exercises take place every sundown in the Russian army.

Queen Victoria's love for babies by no means diminishes with her ever-increasing number of grandchildren. Indeed, the latest addition to the royal family always demands her special interest, and at the present moment it is the new baby of the duke and duchess of Sparta, her majesty's latest great-grandson, for whom she exhibits the greatest solicitude. A magnificent cradle has just been detached by his royal great-grandmother to the infant, over whose outfit the queen and the Empress Frederick spent many hours during the latter's sojourn here some weeks ago. By the earnest request of the queen the duke and duchess of Sparta will bring the baby over to see the queen.

When Cardinal Newman was a tutor at Oxford one of the undergraduates under his call was Samuel Wilberforce, afterward bishop of Oxford and Manchester, to whom the world owes the fanciful allegory that before the fall roses had no thorns and tigers no claws, and that as Eve listened to the serpent the rosebushes grew rough and the tigers' nails grew until, with her fall, the thorns and claws developed.

After the death of Prince Amadeo, brother of the king of Italy, last January, the Spanish determined to get up a souvenir in the shape of a wreath to the memory of the prince who had been for a short time their king. The wreath is a magnificent one, made of beaten iron, a yard high, and is composed of laurel and myrtle leaves, relieved by roses, passion flowers and immortelles in silver, with an inscription in Spanish to "Amadeo Rey Caballero." The number of wreaths at present on the tomb of Amadeo, Duke d'Aosta, is 286, beside 400 of fresh flowers.

He Meant Through.

From the American Grocer.

"What is a through train?" asked a reporter of the sole witness of the fatal derailment.

"Threw train?" returned the Boston man, querulously. "I guess you mean thrown, don't you?"

The Country Cries For It.

From Epoch.

Prof. Strabismus—Now, young gentlemen, you have heard a brief account of the condition of trade in this country. What is our most pressing need? Mr. Bloxem, you may answer.

Bloxem—A really good five-cent cigar.

Quickly Arranged.

From Life.

Old Milton—What? Want to marry my daughter? Why, the child is hardly out of her school dresses yet. She needs a mother's care as much as ever, sir.

Young Poorchap—Oh, that's all right. I'll live here.



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